

The Polish Review

POLAND FIGHTS
NEW YORK, N. Y.



POLAND!

(Preston (Md.) News)

Hitler was strong; the Poles were not. In four weeks the campaign was over; the war was not. The defense of Gdynia—the heroic resistance at Warsaw—these are remembered among Poles as Americans remember Bataan.

The Poles have many such memories. Theirs is a history of struggle against oppression. For a hundred and nineteen years before the last war Poland was three ways divided under the German, Russian, and Austrian Empires. But the Polish national anthem, written in those days of Polish suffering, is "Poland Is Not Yet Lost."

That anthem is still sung. The Poles have not surrendered. They have signed no armistice. The Polish Government is in London, and 200,000 Poles who have escaped the conqueror's grasp are now in active service against Hitler—an army corps in Scotland, 12,000 men in the R.A.F., an army in the Middle East, and another in Russia.

Nor have the horrible cruelties of the Nazi conqueror broken the spirit of the people still in Poland. The Polish Government estimates that Polish war dead in 1939 numbered 200,000. About 1,200,000 Poles have been transported to Germany to work at forced labor. At least a million more have died of starvation, disease, and the concentration camp. Yet the Poles still resist. Their treasures of art and culture have been destroyed. Most of the private property in western Poland has been confiscated. But under the noses of their oppressor the Poles still publish about 100 secret newspapers. They still fight in small guerilla detachments in Poland. They still strike at Hitler wherever they get the chance, derailing trainloads of Nazis, dropping emery dust in Nazi machines.

Poland, the land for which these brave men fight, was before the war the sixth nation of Europe in population and size—a land smaller than California, with five times as many people.

A nation with a past—in science, with Copernicus and Madame Curie, in music with Chopin and Paderewski, in statecraft with Casimir the Great, John Sobieski, and Kosciuszko.

A nation that worked mightily with mighty problems after its rebirth in 1918—repairing the devastation of a war fought on its land, and not ended until 1921—pulling together the people freed from three different empires—starting from scratch to build a modern state.

A nation with a future. For that future the Poles are fighting. In common purpose with the other United Nations and in special comradeship with their neighbors, Czechs and Russians, they are fighting, "Poland Is Not Yet Lost."

ALLIED TEST

Four years ago, come dawn tomorrow, Poland was invaded by Hitler's Nazis and the second World War was on. Today, as her reward for 48 months of sacrifice and devotion, Poland is threatened with the loss of half of her territory, not to Germany, but to one of the United Nations.

Now would seem to be a good time for a little history, clearer today that it was at the time. On September 1, 1939, Poland had only 30 infantry divisions in the field along with 11 cavalry and two motorized brigades. At the request of London and Paris—which had hoped against hope that war might still be averted—she had postponed mobilization for two days and was caught with her guard down. Against the Poles were 63 German divisions—15 of them armored—and six air fleets numbering more than 5,000 planes.

Eastern Poland was stripped of troops which were rushed westward to meet the Nazis. Such was the confidence of the Poles in the recently renewed Polish-Soviet pact of nonaggression that they sent their women and children eastward to be near the Soviet border and safety.

On September 17, however, shortly before daylight, Moscow without warning, informed the

Polish Ambassador that the pact was null and void in view of the "disappearance of the Polish State." Simultaneously motorized divisions of the Red Army rumbled into Poland from the east to keep a rendezvous with the Nazis.

To the outside world it looked like a Polish rout. Today, however, we know that Poland put up a magnificent fight against hopeless odds.

German casualties amounted to something like 80,000 killed and 100,000 wounded. Approximately 550 tanks were destroyed and 2,600 badly damaged. Some 560 planes were put out of action. The defense of Warsaw, Modlin and Westerplatte was classic. In the three weeks siege of Warsaw alone it is said that more people were killed than in three years of air raids over England.

Poland's losses were terrific. More than 200,000 soldiers were killed or wounded and 420,000 taken prisoner by the Nazis. The Russians took another 180,000 prisoners. Poland, for the time being, was wiped from the map.

Yet the Poles never wavered. They have never ceased to fight, either within or without their borders. In one way or another nearly a quarter of a million fighting men made their way to France, to England and the Middle East, and

these, or what is left of them are still in the ring against the Axis. Outside Poland they are fighting alongside their allies on land, sea and in the air. Inside they are carrying on an underground war, despite the most ruthless butchery at the hands of the Gestapo.

Tomorrow, therefore, is the anniversary of an incredible irony. After four years of unswerving effort Poland's fate is still in the balance. Russia claims the half of Poland which she occupied back in 1939 as Germany's partner, notwithstanding her pact of nonaggression and her more recent renunciation of all claim to Polish territory. This latter she voluntarily signed in 1941 after fate had made her and Poland allies against Germany.

Poland is now test No. 1 of the sincerity of the war aims of the United Nations. Under the Atlantic Charter territorial aggrandizement is forsworn.

This week Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are to confer again, probably here in Washington. It is believed they will try, once more, to induce Stalin to meet with them somewhere soon and reach an understanding regarding the war and thereafter. Failure will be a costly blow to the Allies and a corresponding boost to the hopes of the now despairing Axis.

POLAND'S FIGHT

This is an anniversary to be remembered, for it is the anniversary of the start of armed resistance to the conquering march of Adolf Hitler and his Nazis. On September 1, 1939, after a sickening series of bloodless conquests, at long last there was discovered a nation which stood on its frontiers, weapons in hand, and fought, even though that fight was for the moment without chance of success. I do not say hopeless, for that would not be true. Every hope for the future lay in fighting. It would have been hopeless to surrender.

Poland was the nation which did this great and memorable service to the world. For having fought, and fought very well, considering the odds, the Polish people will always be gratefully remembered by the other free peoples of the world. We should not judge the worth of their gallant fight in the terms of its military outcome.

Let us put our minds back to the terrible summer of 1939, and think as we thought then. I was in Europe during all that summer. I was in London, where men were uneasy; I was in Paris, where a feverish gayety overlaid terrible anxiety and a curious feeling of helplessness; I was in Berlin, where there was an arrogant confidence that had to be experienced

to be believed. But it was not a confidence that was born of knowledge of Germany's armed power, though that was a factor in it. The Germans believed that they were going to be masters of Europe without having to use that power. They believed that the Poles would offer only a token resistance, that France and Britain would do nothing but talk, and that they could then turn their attention to the next item on their program, undisturbed by any serious fighting.

I went on from Berlin to Warsaw. The change in the atmosphere was wonderful. The Poles knew they were up against it. They knew they were going to have to fight for their lives. They knew that they were not as ready for that fight as their general staff would have liked. But there was no question whatever in the mind of any Pole, general or statesman or cab driver or private soldier—and I talked to any who could understand good English or bad French—that the thing to do was to fight as hard as they could and as long as they could.

One colonel of a reserve regiment of infantry said to me: "My men have no weapons except rifles and a few old machine guns. Many of them are not fully trained. But if the Germans want those rifles, they will have to come and take them away from us." A flying officer said: "The Germans outnumber

us in the air perhaps 10 to 1. We won't last long. But maybe we'll last long enough to drop a few eggs on Berlin."

That was the spirit of Poland. It was in some quarters overconfident; there was a disposition, for example, to think too highly of the possibilities of rescue from the west, to talk of how long it would be before the French were in Mannheim and Mainz. But there was no talk of surrender, no talk of quitting, no talk of taking the German invasion lying down.

The test came. The Germans marched. And the Poles fought—not just a token fight, but a desperate last-ditch resistance which cost the Germans plenty of lives, and which fired the world with its heroic determination to perish rather than yield.

That Polish resistance set in train a series of events which has in due course brought Nazi Germany to the threshold of ruin. If the Poles had not resisted it is long odds that the British and French would not have gone to war in September, 1939; and no one can guess how much farther the Germans might have carried their career of bloodless conquest before at last they were called to account—or how strong they might by that time have become.

We will do well to think of these matters as we march on to the de-

(Continued on page 15)

The Polish Review

POLAND FIGHTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.
SEPTEMBER 13, 1943

Vol. III, No. 33

Weekly Magazine Published by

THE POLISH REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.
with the assistance of the Polish Information Center
745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Annual Subscription Four Dollars

Single Copy Ten Cents

THE IMPORTANCE OF POLAND'S SACRIFICES

by ANDREW J. KRZESINSKI, Ph.D., S.T.D.

WESTERN culture was never in greater danger than when Hitler made his unprovoked aggression against Poland, the initial step in his plan to conquer Europe and the world. Peace-loving nations, as yet unaware of what German dominion meant, were easily overcome by overwhelming military force and succumbed without resistance. Two free peoples, the Austrians and the Czechs, had already become a prey to German lust for power. If others also succumbed, a Dark Age of tyranny and destruction would enshroud western culture in Europe and throughout the world. The world had to be shown how cruel and inhuman the Germans are—how repugnant their ideology is to Western culture—or the whole of Europe would have been enslaved.

That proof was furnished to the world by Poland, the first to fight, the first to resist German invasion by force of arms. Through the centuries Poland had shed the blood of her sons in defense of Christian culture, had hurled back Tartar and Turk. No other country had made such sacrifices for the preservation of Christianity and civilization. But all these sufferings and sacrifices were never as great as those now suffered under the German yoke. With unprecedented cruelty and savage brutality Germany has tried to exterminate the Polish nation, disorganize its religious life, destroy its national and Christian culture. Thus they hope to establish German supremacy and dominion, for they believe that Germany is destined to rule the whole world.

In Poland, the Germans have applied what they conceive to be the best policy and methods to attain their purpose, to be used by them in all other conquered countries.

The sacrifices of Poland and of other nations, which, inspired by Poland's example, are opposing German tyranny, mean much for the future of Western culture. They show Germany in its true light, and prove the necessity of the complete destruction of Hitlerism and the liberation of Western culture from German ideology and practices.

These sacrifices also show the whole world the spiritual value of Western culture. For the whole Polish nation prefers to live in utter misery, to die of starvation or in concentration camps, to be treated as slaves and exposed to mass murder, rather than to renounce their culture and accept in its place a purely materialist ideology.

Religious faith and moral inspiration, the most important factors of spiritual values, give the conquered nations strength, making them invincible and spiritually unconquerable. Properly developed these factors constitute a spiritual bastion so powerful that all material, political and military strength of Germany, is impotent to break it down. They

Andrew J. Krzesinski, Ph.D., S.T.D., Professor of Philosophy at the University of Montreal, formerly at Cracow University, has written many philosophical works. His latest "Is Modern Culture Doomed?" (Devin-Adair Co., New York, 1942) has been favorably reviewed by Demetrius Zema, of Fordham University, who writes in "Thought," May, 1942:

"This book deserves wide reading and thoughtful pondering by all those upon whom, in any way, rests the onus of restoring the world to social sanity. Into its 176 pages is packed one of the most valid answers this reviewer has yet seen to the question: What are the causes and symptoms of the critical state of contemporary culture and civilization? And is there any ground for hope? . . . These are but the bare bones of Dr. Krzesinski's argument. But they are richly clothed in flesh and blood in his book where historical retrospects, factual data and penetrating analyses accompany and amply support his conclusions and generalizations. The whole theme is presented with high literary skill and power, and in a vigorous and rapid style which makes the reading of this volume both a profit and a pleasure."

also insure personal and national freedom and guarantee real social progress.

Poland's sacrifices and those made by other nations defending their freedom and their ideals are enormous, but do not affect that which is most important in Western culture. Millions of cultured men and women of creative power may yet be killed, many monuments destroyed, but Western culture and Christian ideology will survive. Strengthened by a living faith, freed from religious indifference and atheism, it will not only replace murdered scholars and destroyed monuments but make new and great progress.

The lesson taught by Polish heroes who gave their lives for freedom and Western culture must be well learned. Religious and moral factors, so brutally assailed by Germany in the Second World War, must find their proper place in the personal, social and political lives of nations, and constitute everywhere a cornerstone of education. Hitlerism and all other tenets whose followers have wallowed in crime unspeakable, must be eradicated from the human heart. Nations poisoned by them must be placed under prolonged international educational control until new generations are taught never to repeat the crimes of their forefathers.

THE FORCES OF FAITH, HOPE AND SPIRIT IN POLISH LITERATURE

by JAN LECHON

ONE might say of Polish literature that it experienced, all alone, one hundred years ago, the catastrophe which is convulsing the world today; it invested the sufferings of Poland with truly Dantesque dimensions, it elevated them to a symbol embracing humanity in its entirety, so that everyone may read in the prophetic books of our poets the destiny and sorrows of his own country.

In no other literature, before or since, has the sentiment of patriotism been defined so clearly, developed with such ardor, embellished by such poetic opulence—nowhere else has the national spirit, awakened by Romanticism, found expression in such masterpieces or been transformed into so noble and pure an art. Throughout a period of 100 years, the majority of our romanticists, as well as all the great Polish novelists and poets speak of Poland, finding a source of inspiration for their themes in her history, in the events of her political life; a consequence of this was that their works were mistakenly regarded as hermetically Polish, incapable of being deciphered and therefore unreadable.

A few Polish names of letters became known through legend, history, and hearsay, a case in point being that of Mickiewicz, who enjoyed prestige among the intellectual elite of Western Europe. Others, like Sienkiewicz and Reymont, won glory on an international scale. Here and there a novelist became appreciated in one country or another; but all these are exceptions.

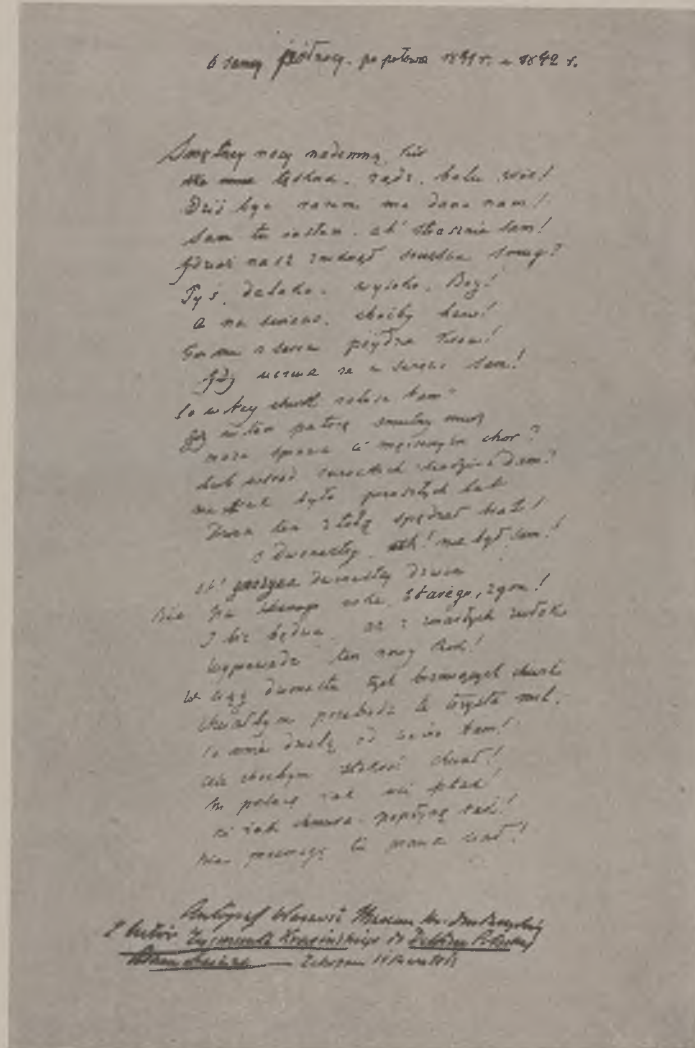
National tendencies are timidly in evidence already in the early Polish writings and they dominate our literature up to this day. During the course of the 15-18 centuries, while the Italians sing of celestial ecstasy and of terrestrial passions, while the French construct admirable monuments of psychology and human thought, while Shakespeare makes his great discovery, that of man, whom he places in the presence of divine truths—our honest writers hardly touch upon inner life in their works; speaking of love, they find but lukewarm and bucolic words to describe it; they themselves are original and eloquent only when they treat of public matters, bad laws, the perils of war, when they teach, when they reprove the weak and extol the valiant and the good.

Jan Kochanowski, the Polish Ronsard, dreamy and thoroughly human, and the nostalgic Sep Szarzyński, who knew how to invest his erotic meditations with funereal accents of genuine originality and rare profundity, are approximately the only great lyric poets of our Renaissance.

In the 18th century Karpinski and Kniaznin alone wrote about sentiments, mainly religious at that. The most impassioned words ever recorded by the literature of independent Poland, the most burning images ever evoked by it are those of our Savonarola, our Jeremiah, the Jesuit Father Piotr Skarga Paweski, a great tragic preacher who is often erroneously compared to the classic and rational Bossuet; he was a visionary but it was always his imperiled country that he saw in his moments of inspiration, it was always the fate of Poland that lent fire to his words, worthy of the great biblical prophets. With a lucidity bordering on the metaphysical, he foresaw the misfortunes which were to beset Poland; two centuries later these prophecies became reality; Poland, dismembered and



Stefan Zeromski (1864-1925)



Manuscript of poem by Zygmunt Krasinski (1812-1859)

enslaved, descends into the Kingdom of dreams and lives only in the hearts of her children.

It was in the midst of sufferings, remorse, the fire of battle, surrounded by the atmosphere of proud memories and seemingly mad hopes, that the great Polish literature was born. For the Europe of his day, Adam Mickiewicz became a living symbol of the freedom and brotherhood of peoples. At the same time, he symbolized the moral values and the prophetic spirit of literature—its educational, trail-blazing role, its political and social importance. Out of this period came the creation of an imaginary personality who represents the Polish soul just as Faust represented the German soul, as Alocha Karamazoff represented the Russian soul, and as the historical heroes of Shakespeare stood for the English soul. This personality, Gustaw-Konrad, is in the drama by Mickiewicz, *The Forefathers*.

The story of this hero, half-real, half-phantom, whom Mickiewicz endowed with his own personal experiences and his own psychological traits, concerns the transformation of an individual, one might say of a Nietzschean individualist, into a public man, into an apostle of ideals.

"My name is Million," Gustaw-Konrad says in his famous soliloquy, "because I love and I suffer for millions."

Konrad expresses an inner moral attitude that did not need immediate victories, that counted on the future, that held to a belief in justice, that taught love and sacrifice. To Mickiewicz, patriotism did not mean a duty, an ideal; to him it was as it was to the Polish nation, a fervent, intense sentiment, an inner state of being, abounding in all the nuances characteristic of personal feeling.

To this day, Mickiewicz, in the eyes of all the Slavs, symbolizes not only the Polish soul, but also the aspirations of all Slav peoples. His attitude toward Russia was one of uncompromising severity, yet Russian poetry contains some magnificent translations of his works. His influence upon the foremost Russian thinkers and poets has provided ample material for the scholarly research of numerous specialists.

Among the great liberals of Europe who gathered around Mickiewicz and who assisted him in editing the *Tribune des Peuples* there were many who had read but a few badly translated pages of his poetry—nonetheless they considered him one of the greatest poets of their epoch and the magnificent statue of Bourdelle, erected some fifteen years ago in Paris, immortalized the admiration which liberal Europe bore for him who was simultaneously the Polish Homer and Dante.

These enthusiasts, these dreamers, these revolutionaries sensed that the poetry of Mickiewicz measured up to his political dreams, to his powerful oratorical talent; they divined from his magnificent lectures at the Collège de France, from his impassioned and stinging articles, the literary genius of a man consumed by an inner fire.

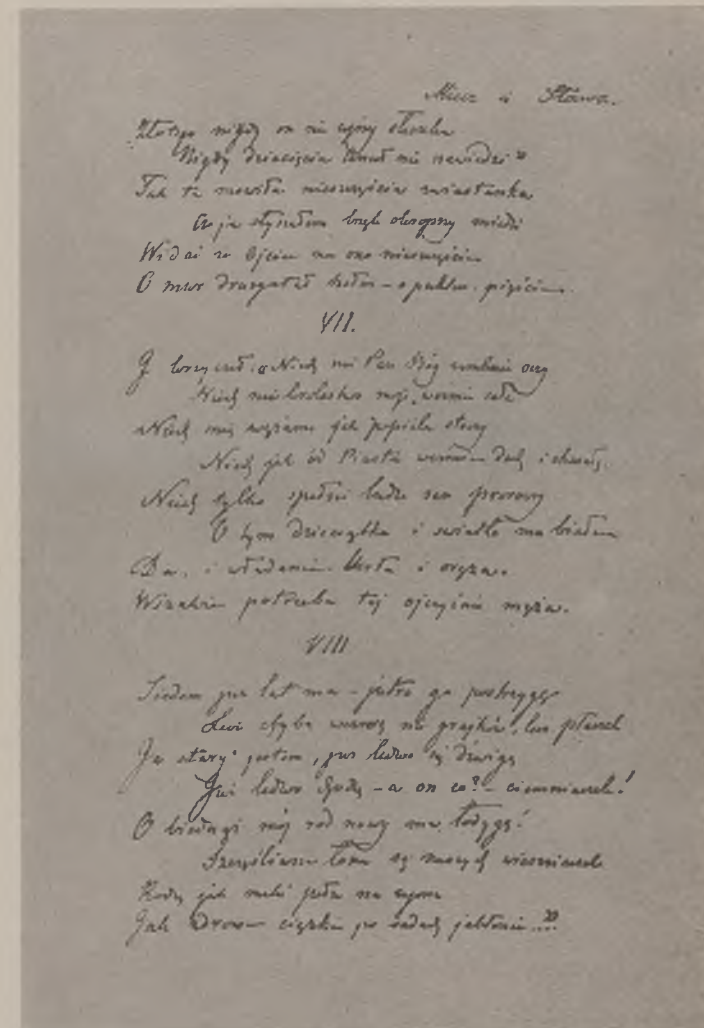
Every great and generous artistic creation, whatever its subject may be, contains within itself that priceless gift of consoling us, of warming us by that inner warmth that is characteristic of greatness. It transports us into another world where everything is noble, pure, and true, where all our misfortunes and sufferings rise to the heroic and the sublime.

Still, neither the tragic contradictions of Hamlet, nor the experience and the deceptions of Faust, nor the bottomless and perverse anxiety of the heroes of Dostoyevsky, nor even the loneliness of Oedipus brought face to face with eternal cruelty, can recall to the poor contemporary what he himself feels, deprived of his country, evicted from his home, outraged in his most sacred feelings.

Konrad, shut up in the Wilno prison; Slowacki and his Anelli dying on the snowy steppes of Siberia; Krasinski and his Last One, the last insurrectionist, forgotten in a distant dungeon by his finally triumphant comrades, these can understand us today and comfort us—Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Czechoslovaks, Belgians, Greeks, Yugoslavs, Poles, and that whole panoply of the twentieth century's multitude of the *misérables*.



Wladyslaw Reymont (1868-1925)



Manuscript of poem by Juliusz Slowacki (1809-1849)

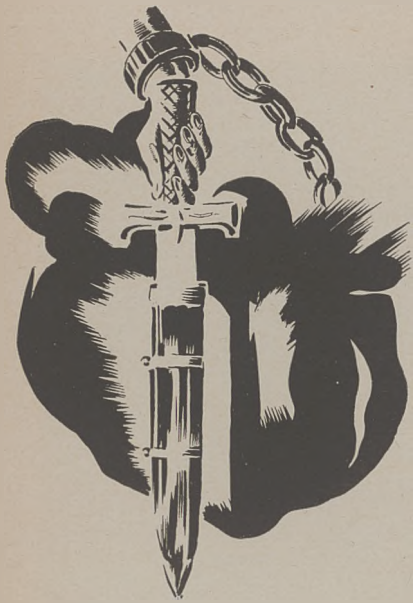
These poets, these seers, speaking of sombre events in the brightness of eternal verity, with prophetic force which is sometimes biblical, guiding us, directing us through the labyrinth of our destinies, all probed the depths of our miseries. They not only took stock of their own country's martyrdom, but also of their mistakes; and they extracted invincible consolation and hope from them.

Zygmunt Krasinski, the least artistic of the pleiade known as the *Great Romantic Trinity*, perhaps underestimated by the Poles because of the absence in his works of purely national elements, is, nonetheless, the one who best permits the non-Pole to grasp the clairvoyance, the prophetic gift, the social spirit, and the intellectual qualities of Polish romanticism.

His drama, *The Undivine Comedy*, the work of a twenty-year-old adolescent, written one hundred years ago, antedates both the theory of Marx and the utopias of Nietzsche (a formula sug-

(Please turn to page 11)

LAWLESSNESS AND TERROR



IN the beginning of 1942, the Germans initiated a drive in the Western territories of Poland "incorporated into the Reich" to enroll Poles on the so-called Volksliste. At first they publicized German "benevolence," which permitted Poles who inscribed themselves on these lists to receive German ration books, and other privileges reserved for German citizens. When they found no volunteers, they began a compulsory enrollment of Poles of calling-up age, often even without their knowledge.

Soon the practical purpose of this German action became evident. Thousands

of young Poles over 18 years of age, in Silesia, Pomerania and Poznanian were seized in their homes, in the streets, villages and towns and enrolled into the German Army. The situation is becoming very grave. Young Poles are escaping in great numbers from the Western territories to the General Government. Many of them are killed while crossing the frontier, which is guarded by the Germans. Others take refuge in forests and remote villages. The Germans, armed with machine guns, organize man hunts for these so-called "deserters." Those captured are then drafted into the German army. The Germans do not stop at deportation. Many of the "deserters" are executed publicly, in order to terrorize other Poles and to force them to enroll voluntarily on the Volksliste, and to join the German army.

Here is an example of a public execution, the description of which is taken from an eye witness account:

"In the Silesian mining district, three Poles stood by a gallows. Their names were: Joachim Achtelik from Ruda, Kokot from Bielszowice and Sergeant Nowak from Godula. The gallows at Ruda was prepared for Achtelik. Kokot and Nowak, for whom similar gallows were waiting in Bielszowice and Godula, were compelled to watch the torture and death of their colleague. Thousands of Poles were forced to attend this execution in Ruda. The Germans from the neighborhood came of their own accord.

Who was Joachim Achtelik?

His father was a Pole, but his mother, who was of German origin, brought up Joachim as a German. Achtelik had some talent for painting. With the aid of the Polish community he was able to study art. In the course of his studies he came to know Poland and the Poles more closely, and in fact became a Pole himself. At the critical moment he had no doubts about sacrificing his life for Poland. He was sentenced to be hanged.

On his way to the place of execution, he held his head high. He bowed to the assembled Poles, and a deep cry went up from the crowd. During the reading of the sentence in German, he paid no heed to its contents. He asked the Poles around him about his mother. When they began to read the sentence in Polish, he stood at attention. Before they put the noose around his neck, he prayed for strength for himself and forgiveness for his executioners. The on-

lookers fell to their knees. The rifles of the Hitler Jugend forced them to get up. Achtelik died amidst weeping and heartfelt prayers of Poles who were forced to witness this barbaric crime.

Although he asked for a priest, he was not allowed to see one before he died."

In the General Government, in May, 1942, the Germans issued a decree providing for an Auxiliary Construction Service called the "Baudienst," for "administrative and political" purposes in this area.

All non-Germans from 18 to 60 were conscripted for this service. They were called up by age groups. Conscription for the Auxiliary Construction Service was only a pretext. In reality it was a compulsory drafting of Poles to the ranks of workers in the German war industry, and to the German Auxiliary Service.

Mass and individual arrests and deportation of young Poles were carried out with the usual cruel method. If a boy, called up by the Germans, did not report on the appointed day or hid from the German authorities, the German police arrested his entire family, including children under 10, and sent them to prison or to a concentration camp. That is life under the Nazis.

The usual German method in occupied countries is to hold responsible for any anti-German acts people who had not taken part in them. Thus hundreds of innocent hostages are shot by German execution squads or die in concentration camps in nearly all the occupied countries of Europe. But the principle of collective responsibility of the population is nowhere observed with such ruthlessness and on such a vast scale as in occupied Poland.

It was in Polish villages that the Germans were trained in the bestiality of which Lidice was the victim many months later.

Here are some reports:

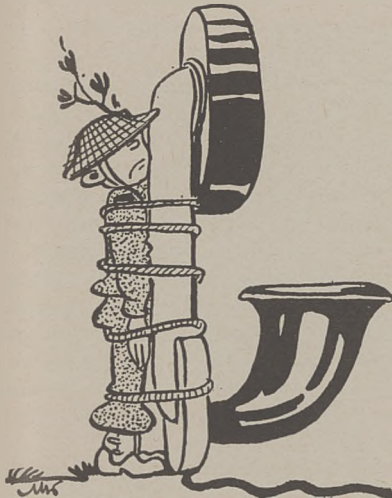
"In 1940 a German colonist was killed in the village of Jozefow Maly in Central Poland. Lorries carrying a punitive expedition from Lublin were bogged in the mud. The peasants—11 of them—who were brought from a neighboring village to free the lorries were shot after carrying out their job. Afterwards the following men were seized and shot: in Jozefow Maly all the men who could be found, including even boys of 11, in all 30 people; in Jozefow Duzy, 14; in Bronislawow Stary, 70; in Zakepie, 60; in Bielawy, 25; in Ruda, 18; in Nowiny, 26; in Serbie, 13; and an additional number not stated in the villages of Serokomla, Hordzieszow, Okrzeja and other hamlets, 400 people in all. The victims, men, women and children, were lined up and shot with machine guns."

In 1942 many executions were carried out on hostages, in reprisal for the murder of Igo Sym, the director of the German Theatre in Warsaw. Among the hostages shot on this occasion was a professor of the University of Warsaw, Stefan Kopec, and his son, a University student.

"From the beginning of February, 1942, reprisals on a large scale were carried out all over the Lublin district. Soviet prisoners of war, who escaped from the camps, formed guerrilla bands which hid in the forests and villages, living on food brought from the peasants. Whenever the inhabitants of a village are suspected of cooperating with Soviet guerrilla bands, punitive expeditions are sent, people are shot on the spot, and whole villages burnt. In a county where Soviet partisans killed an S.S. officer, 214 Poles were shot this Spring."

POLISH SIGNAL CORPS CALLING

by ARIUSZ BURAKOWSKI



"Attached to his phone."

"WHAT is the Signal Corps," I asked, "and why do we hear so little about it?"

"Well, you see. The signal corps is like your stomach."

I was startled by this revelation. The army has been compared to many parts of the human anatomy, but I had never heard this one before, and as a son of Mars I am fairly familiar with military terminology, official and otherwise.

"Just so long as you feed it properly," continued the signalman, "you forget that you own a stomach. But the minute you add too much of this and too much of that, your stomach folds up on you. It's the same thing with signals. You don't waste any sleep over them until your message fails to go through, because the wires have been cut, the battery has gone dead or the radio station has been wrecked. The message is never held up for long. We usually manage to re-route it through some other channel. Yet we get nothing for our effort but angry complaints.

"That's our sad lot," he sighed. "We seldom get praise from anybody."

"But what does a signalman do exactly?"

"Technical work, though

"Even under fire?"

"Of course. Do you think a wireless operator stops sending a message because he is bombed or his ship sunk? We stick to our posts right up to the last. We don't fight with lethal weapons, but keep on sending messages as long as our radio functions. Of course, if we are attacked directly we put up a fight, with anything we can lay our hands on."

"A wireless operator's job must be interesting."

"Everybody thinks that all we do is listen to communications and musical programs. But we don't have time for that. Our job is at times dull and always difficult. We are bound by strict rules for the 'movement' and 'organizations of networks.' Work under battle conditions is exhausting. We have to contend with bad connections, poor transmission and failing current. But the operator's hardest fight is with himself. He must fight fatigue, sleep and above all must keep his head no matter what happens. Yet the strongest nerves may snap after endless hours of high tension. We know that when we put on our earphones we take a heavy responsibility on our shoulders."

"What are the qualifications for a signalman's job?"

"Every man in the Signal Corps is a specialist. We have wireless operators, telemechanics, sound engineers, etc. Each one of these men has months of special technical training, followed by long and arduous technical experience.

And we have to keep up to date with the newest apparatus at a time when the progress of a century is being telescoped into a few years. So in reality a signalman never finishes his training.

"We are generally considered responsible and trustworthy. A signal-corps man, left to himself, tries to carry out his task to the satisfaction of his superior officer, because he knows its importance.

"That calls for reliability, loyalty and faithfulness.

"His duty makes him a confidence man of the High Command. He is the first to receive strictly confidential messages, that it would be treason to disclose to anyone but the person to whom they are directed.

"A wireless operator is attached to his instrument. He takes good care of it and always tries to save it, even after he has been ordered to destroy it.

"There is another important qualification for a signal corps man. He must never be at a loss for what to do. It often depends on his ingenuity whether an important message gets through or not. We carry this quality over into other fields of action, and you will find many signalmen working in press and information jobs. Because the signal corps is by nature gregarious, its members are indispensable factors in camp social life.

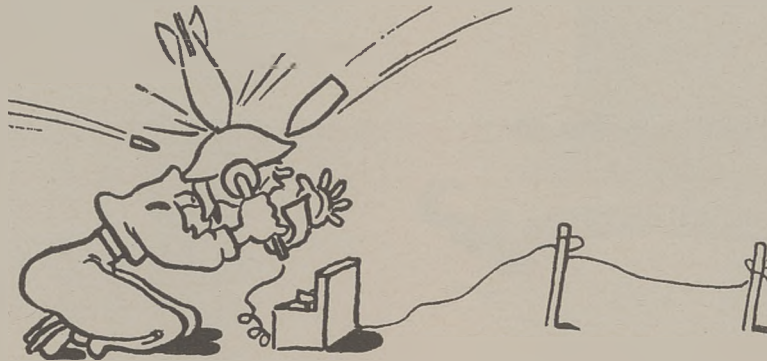
"One more qualification I might mention before signing off. A signal man should have complete quiet for his work."

"From what you have told me, that must be impossible."

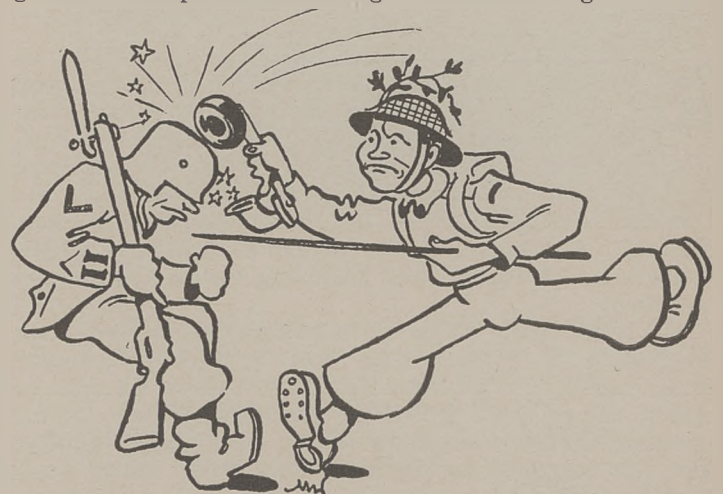
"Sometimes the signals are so weak and it is hard to catch them even under ideal conditions. Most often however he works under a rain of shells accompanied by a terrific din. Under ideal, classroom conditions, all the instruments are in order, everything works and

the reception is perfect. In the field all the instruments begin to play tricks; the moment you try to adjust your own set, the line is cut or the current fails, or the signals are barely audible. That calls for tremendous power of concentration and strong nerves.

"Well, I guess that is all. Except that please don't forget good health depends on a strong stomach. So long."

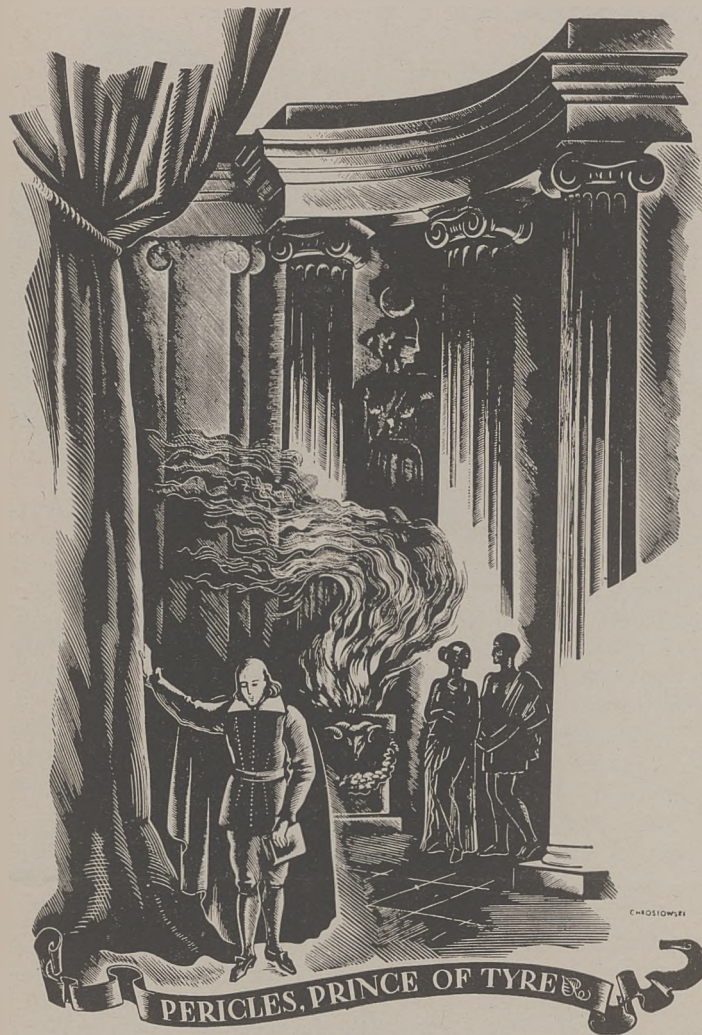


"Reception good."



"On the receiving end."

SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED BY CHROSTOWSKI



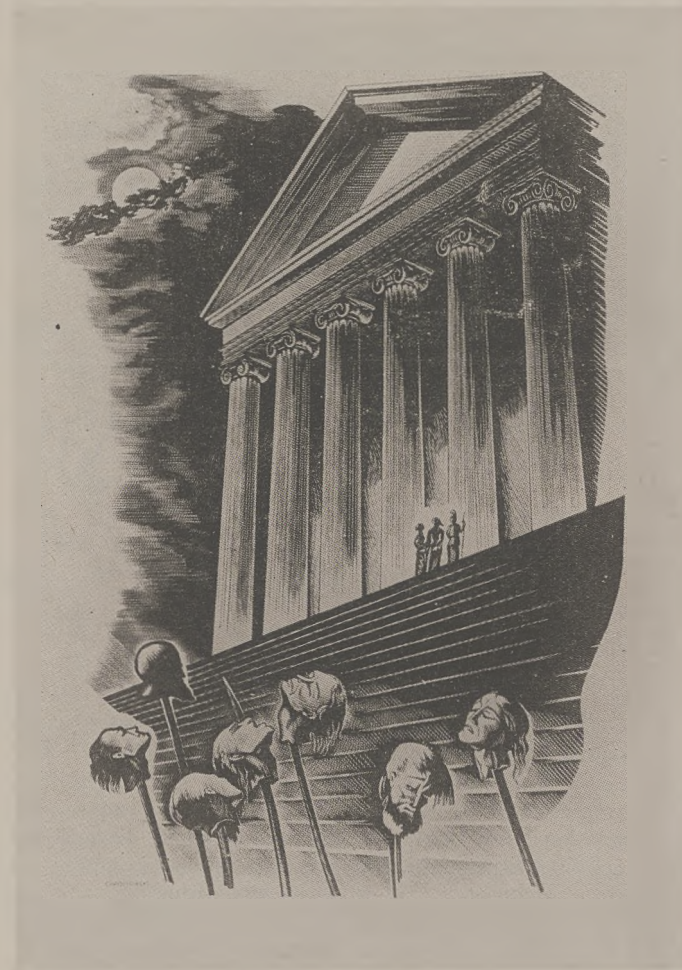
Woodcut by S. O. Chrostowski

"To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come . . .
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city for his chiefest seat;
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, so blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke . . ."

—Pericles (Act I).

ing. At the time of Germany's unprovoked aggression against Poland in 1939, Chrostowski was Professor at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw, outstanding center for graphic art in Europe.

For the Nonesuch edition of Shakespeare, Chrostowski was first asked to illustrate *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, a scenic adaptation of an Hellenic tale known in the Middle Ages as the *History of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre*. In the course of centuries, the story had undergone many changes. The hero, Apollonius, became Pericles, the names of cities were altered, the dialogue was modified, but the flavor of Ionian hills and Aegean cities was preserved. In this setting is enacted a fairy plot somewhat overlaid with fantastic adventures, miraculous rescues, combats, abductions and tempests. Shakespeare does no more than outline the characters, mere pawns in the kaleidoscopic maze of events. Chrostowski follows Shakespeare's example. In his illus-



Woodcut by S. O. Chrostowski

"The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a night did die,
As yon grim looks do testify."

—Pericles (Act I).



Woodcut by S. O. Chrostowski

"An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life.
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death';—and pointed to this brace;—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again."

—Pericles (Act II).

trations magnificent landscapes or architectural visions impart the right emotional tone to the action.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre is based on a version by Gower, the 14th century English poet, whom Shakespeare introduced into his drama, presenting him at the beginning and end of each act in the guise of an ancient chorus or modern narrator. Gower appears in Chrostowski's frontispiece, standing by the open curtain and speaking the prologue. His pensive figure stands apart from the cool temple of Diana, in the shadow of whose Ionic columns is enacted the last scene of the drama—Pericles's recognition of his long-lost wife.

The next cut is replete with horror. In front of the impressive Palace of Antioch, at the head of the marble stairs,

stand three figures, Pericles, the King of Antioch, and the latter's daughter. Pericles must solve the riddle and marry the princess, or else die. In the foreground, under a starry sky, leer the impaled heads of Pericles's unhappy predecessors.

Then we are transported to the coastal city of Pentapolis. Here the mood changes to the refreshing coolness of a morning after a storm. The spent wind drives the last ragged clouds across the sky and is still churning the sea, but the horizon brings the promise of the kind of sunny day that only classic Greece can boast. Our shipwrecked hero, Pericles, looks on as his armor is salvaged from the angry foam by several fishermen.

The woodcut for Act III depicts a storm at sea. The lines are tempestuous, as if the artist's burin had hacked at the surface of the block to create a driving rain. There is more than a suggestion of the fury of all the elements. The tiny ship is as a frail shell at the mercy of the raging sea. (During this storm Pericles's wife bears him a daughter and falls into a lethargic sleep. To stop the storm, the sailors compel Pericles to throw her into the deep in a wooden chest. Miraculously saved, she becomes Priestess of Diana in Ephesus, where at last Pericles finds her. Pericles gives

(Please turn to page 10)



Woodcut by S. O. Chrostowski

"Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash forth both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them for the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!"

—Pericles (Act III).

(Continued from page 9)

his daughter, Marina, to one of his underlings, the governor of Tarus. Years pass.)

The next woodcut depicts the abduction of the now grown Marina by pirates. The violent contrast between the stark cliffs and grotesquely bent tree and the calm mirror-like sea introduces just the right note of impending doom.

Finally, in Act V, Pericles, now an aimless wanderer, recognizes his daughter in the singer sent to entertain him. The deep emotions of father and daughter now reunited are reflected in the billowing folds of their garments, the puffed out sails, the tossing sea, and even in the rigging of the ship.

Chrostowski has always regarded wood engraving as an integral part of the book it illustrates. Realizing its great plastic value, he uses it as an expressive medium. He first worked up a special line, effective in the black and white make-up of the printed page. He discarded the heavier tools that carved thick white grooves and confined himself to the burin, to get thin, precise black and white lines. He



Woodcut by S. O. Chrostowski

"MARINA. Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

LEONINE. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. (He seizes her.)

Enter Pirates

FIRST PIRATE. Hold villain!

(Leonine runs away.)

SECOND PIRATE. A prize! a prize!

THIRD PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly."

—Pericles (Act IV).



Woodcut by S. O. Chrostowski

"PERICLES. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father.

MARINA. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

PERICLES. Now blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child."

—Pericles (Act V).

added gray and shaded effects by subtly differentiated groups of lines and zigzags. Chrostowski's woodcuts portraying group scenes meet all the requirements of perspective and the demands of composition. Filled with feeling, vibrant with sensuous wealth of form and color, Chrostowski's engravings give an impression of deep emotion within a deliberately restrained form. They are classic.

In his Shakespearean wood engravings, most striking is the magnificent silkiness of the deep black, the oscillation between silvery grays and the harmonious whites. The cliffs, waves, foam, people, clouds and architecture are all permeated with a noble Rembrandtesque intensity that stands out even more through the realistic treatment. But the effect is so convincing that one does not realize how much is due to the skillful composition of the black masses, the masterly contrast between form and shading, and the sheer benedictine labor in cutting one thin line after another to achieve a velvety symphony in black and white.

D. F. C. WON BY POLISH PILOT

MRS. MARIA BARR (Barczynska) holding the Distinguished Flying Cross posthumously awarded to her husband, Squadron Leader Philip R. Barr. Mrs. Barr arrived at Buckingham Palace, in the uniform of the Polish Red Cross, to receive the decoration from the hands of King George.

In an interview after the ceremony the twenty-year-old widow said:

"I found myself in the Palace among 300 other people mostly relations of fallen airmen. All stood in two ranks in alphabetical order for each class of decoration. A court official announced my name, the rank of my husband, and the decoration. King George VI handed it to me personally, saying, 'I am very happy to present to you this military award.'

"I met my husband on the Polish ship *Sobieski* after the fall of France when we were being evacuated from St. Jean de Luz. He had been shot down in an air combat over France and with four other British airmen was under the care of Polish aviators and their families.

"In November last year, I received news that my husband had failed to return from a raid. I would not and still will not believe he is dead. I still hope he lives and will return. He is a British subject and a Pole by descent. His grandfather's name was Barczynski, later changed to Barr.

"I was born in Grodno and studied at Wilno. The war interrupted my studies and I did not graduate until reaching Scotland. I am now working in the Polish Red Cross at Edinburgh. This work helps me forget my loss, but I always hope that my husband will return and get to know Poland, the country of his ancestors."



THE FORCES OF FAITH, HOPE AND SPIRIT IN POLISH LITERATURE

(Continued from page 5)

gested to me by Daniel Halévy). It is a vision of class warfare in all its horror, with all the convulsions and paradoxes that we have been witnessing. It is a great, dramatic, and powerful vision, surprisingly objective for a young aristocrat attached to the traditions of his noble and proud family. *The Undivine Comedy* expresses the social spirit which is so much a part of our literature, a social spirit which prompted the inscribing on Polish banners of the phrase "For Our Liberty And For Yours."

In attempting to select the most characteristic element of our letters, in attempting to determine which problem our literature has posed and developed better than have other literatures, by which discovery it enriched our individual or collective conscience—we are led to the realization that this problem is the struggle between the personal and the collective and the search for happiness in the ideal.

The heroes of the dramas and poems of Mickiewicz, Słowacki, Krasiński, Wyspiański, and the heroes of the novels of Żeromski and Sienkiewicz are virtually all engaged in the conflict between sensual love and love for country, between personal feeling and civic duty; and although at first glance there seems to be nothing in common between the hieratic and hermetic Konrad of Mickiewicz and the intrepid but very realistic and jovial soldiers of Sienkiewicz, they nevertheless all belong to the same family of soldiers of duty and lovers of great causes.

Fate has willed the Polish character in its absolute purity, cleansed of everything that is passing and folkloristic and

the Polish attitude towards the great problems of life to be immortalized in the work of a novelist of Polish birth who wrote in a foreign language and became one of the giants of English letters—I mean, of course, Joseph Conrad. The heroes of his novels, almost without exception English, are engaged in conflicts which have nothing Polish in them, but react exactly as our soldiers and our romantic heroes reacted in fighting for Poland; they always behave as Poles, just as the characters of Dostoyevsky behave as Russians, and the proud and fearless heroes of Kipling behave as Englishmen. In order to understand why the Poles always battle until death for liberty, in order to learn what sentiment impels them to become attached to apparently futile causes, one must read Joseph Conrad, who, like no other, and with greater virility than the others, has depicted what lies at the bottom of the Polish soul: a sense of honor and fidelity to its dreams.

The novels of Henryk Sienkiewicz are, in effect, a magnificent lesson in optimism and vitality. Greeted by the West as if they were historical tales of adventure, rich in coloring, well-written but not going beyond the genre in which Alexander Dumas excelled, these novels shook the Polish nation to its core.

What the great poetry imparted to us in sibylline parables, Sienkiewicz succeeded in translating into daily life. He transformed the heroes of Mickiewicz into average Poles, provided with all the faults peculiar to us, but capable of great deeds, knowing how to fight heroically and blessed with

(Please turn to page 14)

THE FIRST POLISH BOMBER SQUADRON IN BRITAIN

JULY 1st, 1940—JULY 1st, 1943*



THE defeat and occupation of Poland in September, 1939, and the collapse of France in June, 1940, struck two powerful blows at the foundations of Poland's national existence. Only a fraction of the

Polish armed forces could leave the country to continue the fight, but it included a large proportion of the flying personnel of the Polish Air Force.

After the bitter, lonely Battle of Poland, many of them wandered all over the globe seeking new wings. Thousands of Polish airmen crossed the frontiers of Rumania and Hungary, eager to go to France—then a land of promise—and continue the fight. They were interned, but invariably managed to slip out, and they pushed westwards until they reached France. After the collapse of France they went on to Britain, and there at last they were given first-class equipment and an opportunity of proving their worth.

The 1st of July, 1940, opened a new era in the annals of the Polish Air Force—probably the most glorious it has yet known. The Polish airmen shared the gigantic task shouldered by the R.A.F. during these years—notably at the time when Britain had no other allies and fought alone. At no time, however, did Poland lose faith in the British cause or cease to support it with all the forces at her disposal. The contribution of the Polish fighter pilots to the victory in the Battle of Britain is well known. The work of the bomb-

Excerpts from "The First Polish Bomber Squadron in Britain," edited by Peter Jordan and Alexander Janta; British-Continental Syndicate, Ltd., London, 1943.



ers was less spectacular, but perhaps more costly in lives.

Today, after nearly four years of war, not many of the old peace-time trained pilots and observers are flying on operations. Most of them have given their lives or were promoted to higher rank. But the remaining ones still form the backbone of the Polish Air Force. They carry on the tradition of the red and white Polish checkers, they train younger men, and they share with them their rich fund of experience.

It has been recently disclosed by Sir John Anderson, Lord President of the Council (in his address on the occasion of the Polish National Day, May 3rd) that there are at present over 12,000 Polish airmen in England. In addition to fighter, night fighter and bomber squadrons, the Poles have their own flying schools, own instruction and maintenance units and, of course their own ground personnel. A number of Polish instructors are attached to various Allied flying schools.

Some Polish fighter pilots attached to British squadrons took part in the defence of Malta and in the Tunisian campaign. In Tunis alone they shot down 24 enemy aircraft, with others probably destroyed or damaged. Other Polish pilots are attached to Ferry Command and fly new aeroplanes across the Atlantic, as well as across Africa from the western coast to Egypt. There are also Polish pilots, both men and women, in the Air Transport Auxiliary.

The Polish Air Force in Britain is the largest Allied Air Force in this country, second only to the R.A.F. and the U. S. Air Corps.

Thanks to the equipment supplied by Britain, the Polish Air Force is stronger today than it was in 1939, at the outbreak of the war. It is growing, although casualties have been heavy and some squadrons—including the Mazovia Bomber Squadron—have lost far more than their normal complement of aircrews.

Possibilities of recruitment are, of course, restricted. Only few men can manage to slip across enemy lines and leave occupied Poland, although there is no young Pole who does not dream of joining the Air Force. Nevertheless new volunteers are still coming in. There are many who left Poland

after 1941. Their journey was far more difficult than in 1939, when Italy was still non-belligerent and France independent. But they had developed an uncanny skill in crossing frontiers without passports, with little money, tracked by the Gestapo and the police forces of half the countries of Europe. Some of them came to England when Polish prisoners were released by Soviet Russia in 1941 and 1942. Still others escaped from German prison camps and then wandered through Europe, chased like wild beasts. Their adventures would fill many volumes. Not all the young Poles who set out from their own country or from Siberia to join the Polish Air Force in Britain have reached their destination. Bullets of the prison guards have stopped some of them, but that did not discourage the others.

The Mazovia Bomber Squadron has the distinction of having been the first to go into action, but it is only one of the many units of the Polish Air Force within the R.A.F.

Although the Squadron bears the name of Mazovia, the central province of Poland, which has Warsaw for its chief city, its members are drawn from all parts of the country—from Gdynia on the Baltic coast, from Lodz with its textile mills, Wilno with its famous shrine of Ostra Brama and Lwow of forty churches. All the provinces of Poland have their sons serving in the Mazovia Squadron, which is truly representative of the whole of the country for which it is fighting.

Here is a report of the operations of the Mazovia Bomber Squadron in the period from September 14th, 1940, to May 27th, 1943:

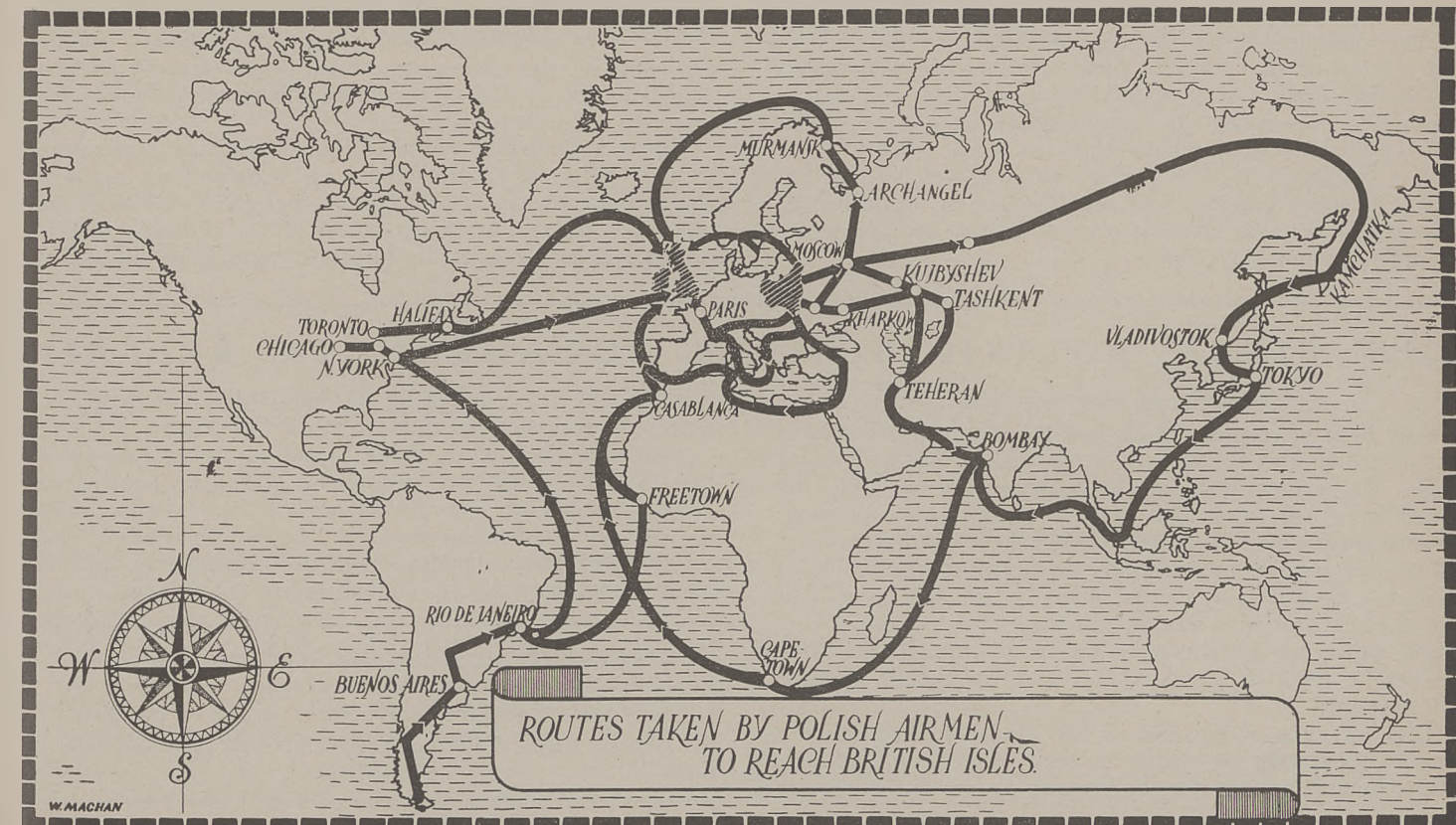
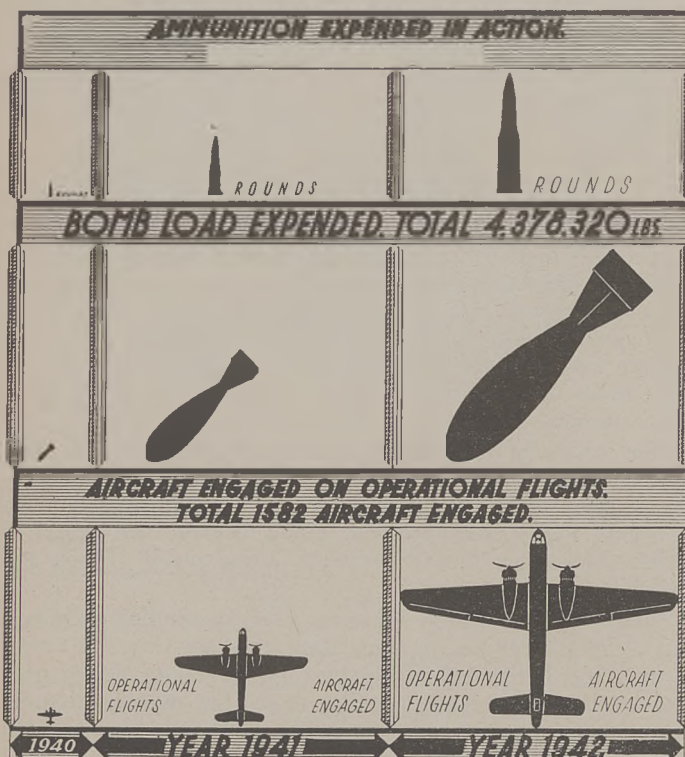
Aircraft engaged in operations.....	1,556
Operational flying hours.....	9,000
Bombs expended	over 5,000,000 lb.
Mileage flown	500,000 miles
Crews lost	35
Forced landings in the sea.....	4



Decorations awarded to members of the Squadron:

Virtuti Militari	234
Cross of Valour (including bars).....	1,017
D.S.O.	1
D.F.C.	10
D.F.M.	8
Mention in Dispatches.....	1

A number of members of the Mazovia Bomber Squadron are prisoners in Germany. Some of them are men who had
(Please turn to page 14)



THE FORCES OF FAITH, HOPE AND SPIRIT IN POLISH LITERATURE

(Continued from page 11)

indomitable optimism. Polish youth learned from Sienkiewicz that courage is a virtue accessible to each one of us.

It is understandable that our writers of the 19th century—a century so cruel to us—were all in search of strength. They followed the collective instinct of the nation in seeking it in the life of the peasant, in immersing themselves in their primitive and hard life, in which love for the soil retained its religious character and developed into mysticism. Out of this spirit were also born the two masterpieces of our contemporary literature, the subject matter for which came from country life: the cycle of mountain tales by Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer and a prose epic by Wladyslaw Reymont, for which the Nobel prize was awarded, *The Peasants*.

These writers had no aim other than to give voice to powerful and primitive feelings, to paint their native landscape, to soothe their nostalgia for open spaces. And yet, their works growing out of such pure artistic tendencies have continued and fortified the educational work of Sienkiewicz; this vitality whose apotheosis Sienkiewicz saw in the noble past of Poland, is exalted by Tetmajer and Reymont in their descriptions of the struggles and labors of the peasant; they discuss no social problems but in these narratives, permeated with a hieratic dignity and a rude, refreshing humor, is heard the voice of the Polish nation, whose social layers succeed one another, transmitting the secret of this biological force that fashioned our history.

The fraternity sealed between the historical strata and the peasants on the day of the battle of Racławice, where these peasants appear as conscientious and heroic citizens for the first time in our history—has become one of the guiding principles of our literature; our poets appoint themselves guardians of this fraternity, they devote themselves to the misery of the peasants, they extol the peasant-soldier, stubborn defender of his land, they recall to the forgetful gentry their duty to their brothers.

The great Polish writers might have been democrats or conservatives, but they were all enamoured of peasant life, of peasant strength, some because of their social outlook, others because of the tradition of Kosciuszko, which, in a way, became national,—but all because of a taste for the country and a humanitarian concern, innate in the Polish character.

The democratic tradition, reflected in so many of Poland's masterpieces, is based upon spontaneous humanism, on an instinctively and well applied Christian spirit.

It is thanks to these tendencies of our character that the march of social progress was not followed by bloodshed in Poland and that the laboring classes did not need to resort to force to obtain their rights.

The great novelist who, as no other, influenced the pre-1914 generation and held it under the magic of his style and his ardent sensitivity, Stefan Zeromski, linked, once and for all, the cause of national freedom with the memory of heroic workers who gave their lives for their country's independence. Continuing the democratic and humanitarian tradition, Zeromski paused over each human unhappiness, denounced injustices, went out of his way to support any initiative which sought to alleviate this misery. He never stinted in defending the dispossessed, to demand the boon of work for everyone. Incidentally, he was the only one of our great spiritual leaders to see his country's independence realized. To his death, he never ceased teaching, censuring laziness and injustice, and demanding greater efforts of will power and conscience.

Zeromski was the last in our long line of writers and poets who during 100 years actually took the place of the beneficial political power of which their country was denied. More than the majority of our political and military leaders, with the exception of Kosciuszko and Pilsudski, they influenced our thinking and the course of events, drew from the bottom of the national temperament hidden instincts which could not normally develop and formed the national character—courage, altruism, mysticism, optimism, and action.

The world of generosity, of love of neighbor, of the Christian spirit, of a creative and optimistic force, the world that breathes the air of collective feelings and the refreshing atmosphere of history, the world of the future which will provide justice for all—this is the world of which these poets and novelists spoke.

In the vaults of the Royal Castle in Cracow, where lie the remains of Polish kings—the ancient Piasts who brought Poland out of the Middle Ages, the wise Jagiellonians who fashioned Poland, Lithuania, and Ruthenia into one republic dedicated to culture and liberty, Sobieski who saved Christendom—there also lie the remains of two great romantic poets—Adam Mickiewicz and Juliusz Slowacki.

The Castle has now been pillaged, the famous libraries of Cracow have been despoiled, the old parchments which spoke of our glorious victories and of our just and human laws have been destroyed and burned; it is in Cracow that the German hordes have perpetrated the particularly odious crime of throwing all the professors of the old University of the Jagiellons into prison and inflicting barbaric tortures upon them.

But it is from the vaults of the Wawel that hope comes to us. The tombs of Mickiewicz and Slowacki who, poverty stricken and exiled, dreamed the resurrection of Poland and who now rest among kings, speak to us of forces that no others will ever equal: the forces of hope, faith, and spirit.

THE FIRST POLISH BOMBER SQUADRON IN BRITAIN

(Continued from page 13)

already been in German hands and then found their way to Britain to fly with the R.A.F., at the risk of being captured again. To anyone who has lived under German rule the possibility of returning to it again is charged with meaning.

Some members of the Mazovia Squadron who had to bale out over enemy-occupied territory or to make forced landings were not captured by the Germans at all, but went into hiding and eventually returned to their home station. One officer baled out and broke a leg on landing. After three months he reported for duty in Britain as though nothing had happened.

The war aims of the men of the Mazovia Squadron are simple: they want to return to their homes and families. They want to rebuild the Polish Air Force in the mother

country and make use of all the knowledge and experience acquired during service with the Royal Air Force.

The three years work of the Squadron are an example of the relentless struggle carried on by Poland on land, in the air and at sea ever since September 1st, 1939, the day when the German bombers appeared for the first time over Polish aerodromes. Polish bomber crews are returning in kind the loads of high explosive which had rained on Warsaw.

Shown on the cover is a view of the rooftops in the Old City in Warsaw. In the distance is the spire of St. John's Cathedral. This scene is one of the past, for the entire section was destroyed by the German blitzkrieg.

NEW YORK SUN PRAISES TRUTH ABOUT POLAND

On September 1st the New York Sun published the following editorial in connection with the fourth anniversary of Hitler's unprovoked aggression against Poland:

"Four years ago today the war began. It cannot be said that the world was taken by surprise. The days preceding September 1, 1939, had been marked by frantic last-minute efforts somehow to stop the demagogue whose hate-inflamed mind had been scheming the horror from which he expected to emerge as the dominant figure of the world. Temporizing came to an end when Hitler unveiled his blitzkrieg, sending his armored divisions and his Stukas, Heinkels and Messerschmitts into Poland.

"What happened then portended what has happened since. Poland, hopelessly outnumbered in men and overpowered in material, fought valiantly while her cities crumbled and burned under bombs and her armies were cut to pieces by tanks and planes. It was a war of terror, recorded on films to convince other small nations that defiance to Nazi demands could bring only painful death. But Poland never surrendered. Her territory overrun, she remained unconquered.

"President Moscicki, under the Constitution, transferred his powers to Wladyslaw Raczkiewicz, then in France and now in England. Both from without and from within this government has waged relentless war against the Axis. On all the European fronts, Polish ground troops and airmen have won the admiration of their brothers in arms. The small Polish navy has gained signal honors in the battle of the Atlantic and in keeping convoys moving to Russia. Despite a campaign of extermination and pillage, surviving Poles in the homeland have kept up their undercover work. It is the country's happy boast that alone of the occupied lands it has had no Quisling, Hacha or Laval. In May of this year alone death sentences on fifty-nine Gestapo agents, imposed by underground tribunals, were carried out.

"The Polish Government makes this anniversary the occasion for issuing a booklet, 'The Truth About Poland,' in which it not only reviews its past but expresses its aspirations for the future. It wants to see itself in a democratic confederation with Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Greece to facilitate the economic development of Central and Eastern Europe in friendship with Russia, strong enough to defy any German aggression and contribute to Russia's security in the west. It is too early to predict how fully these

Elmer Davis, Head of O.W.I., Praises Poland's Steadfastness

This week the thoughts of America turn to Poland. Four years ago on the 26th day of August, President Roosevelt appealed to Hitler "to accept peaceful methods of settlement of the dispute" with Poland. The President added that innumerable human lives could yet be saved. The Nazi despot rejected this appeal and a few days later, on the morning of September 1, he treacherously attacked Poland along almost her entire frontier.

During those terrible days, four years ago, when Nazi conspirators were preparing to hurl fire and steel from tanks and planes and cannons against unprepared Polish men and women, against workers in their shops and peasants in their fields, the whole democratic world waited in fearful anxiety to see if the Poles would stand firm. Poland did stand firm and by her heroic acts earned the eternal gratitude of all Americans as well as of all free people everywhere.

Since that fateful day practically all the democracies have joined the fight to prevent Nazi conspirators from destroying human freedom and in the struggle they have never ceased to draw inspiration and strength from Poland.

During the past months and years, many of us have expended much strength and substance in the fight, but almost no nation so lavishly as Poland. We have given freely of our blood and lives, but almost no people have made such sacrifices as Poland.

We have been brave when faced by unfavorable odds, but rarely has our courage equalled that of Poland, which for a time bore unaided the whole furious onslaught of the Nazi war machine.

As we recall those days of tragedy and of glory, when the free peoples of the earth were tardily mustering their strength, we are conscious of the immeasurable debt we owe Poland for her steadfastness. Her armies on the battlefield were unflinching. The bold defiance of her capital constitutes one of the greatest epics in the chronicles of liberty. The dauntless acts of her underground fighters continue to form a very vital part of our global war. Her soldiers, sailors and airmen are daily active on many fronts. The undimmed faith and glowing spirit of Poland's common men and women brighten the cause of liberty in every land.

We Americans have remembered Poland in hours of gloom and sadness; we mourned with Poland in her bereavements; we now share with her pride in United Nations victories, and we shall be proud to march beside her in the approaching moment of common triumph.

The Nazi torrent that poured over Poland four years ago will be pushed back before too long a time and we feel confident that Poland will then enjoy security and peace in a new world of democratic peoples, aiding one another.

POLAND'S FIGHT

(Continued from page 2)

struction of all that the Germany of today stands for, to the smashing of German hopes and the breaking of the savage and cruel pride with which the German armies overran Poland. The Poles were the first who met the Germans not with submission, but with bullets. They have deserved well of those, including ourselves, to whom they did immeasurable service by that act. The time is coming when Poland will again stand free and proud before the world, a living proof of the eternal truth which she taught us all in those dark days of four years ago—that peace cannot be purchased at the price of submission to the threats of tyrants, and that no nation can really perish while its sons are ready to die in its defense.

hopes may be realized. What is important today, as it will be on subsequent anniversaries, is that the White Eagle of Poland, rising phoenix-like from the ashes of bombed Warsaw, Lodz and other cities, flies proudly among the symbols of the victory that steadily grows nearer."

POLAND STOOD

(Utica Observer-Dispatch)

On August 31, four years ago, Poland hung, as did the rest of the world, on Hitler's misdeeds. Poland, which had resisted the bait of union with the Nazis against Russia for years, as a matter of fact was ready to mobilize for a war a few days earlier but delayed action at the request of Britain and France, which even then hoped to still the inevitable war a little longer for the sake of preparing better.

On September 1, Hitler marched. The terror of the panzers and the bombers was revealed to a gasping world. The Germans pounded through a stubborn but ill-equipped Polish resistance. On September 3, Great Britain and France fulfilled their guarantee to Poland and declared war. But they were too far away and without the means of coping with the well-prepared Germans. Then Russia moved in from the East, shrewdly keeping Hitler from going too far but also sealing the doom of Poland.

Now that the tides of war are reversed it may help us press our fight to recall something of Poland's sacrifice which led Hitler to his ultimate defeat. The invasion

HERALD TRIBUNE SAYS POLAND SAVED WORLD

Declaring that Poland's resolve to fight was the bugle call that awoke the world and that without it civilization might have been lost, the New York Herald Tribune wrote as follows on September 1, 1943, the anniversary of the outbreak of the War:

Four years ago this morning Adolf Hitler—a paranoiac of obscure origins, whom fate and the profound sickness of post-1918 international society had flung up into a position of appalling power—pressed the trigger which exploded the second world war. Four years ago this morning the first bombs were bursting on the Polish marshes, and the Polish people, shocked and outraged by this obscene assault, were rising to make the first great and defiant stand against the dark shadow of barbarism which had been slowly enveloping Western civilization.

There is none who cannot look back upon the record with pride—or without a sense of regret as well. Polish confusion and ambition were ingredients in the making of the disaster; but when it came the Polish resolve to fight against even impossible odds was the bugle call which awoke the world. If Poland had surrendered, as others did, the citadels of civilization might well have been lost forever without a fight. British appeasement helped prepare the catastrophe, and British lethargy through the first months of the war nearly gave away the gates; but then Britain stood alone, unaided and superbly defiant, through one long, perilous year, and so unquestionably saved Western civilization in its hour of greatest peril. Except only for the criminals in Berlin, the Russians, with their non-aggression treaty, were more directly responsible (however unintentionally) than any others for the agony into which the world was plunged. They were to taste that agony themselves more bitterly than any others; but they were also to make immensely the greatest sacrifice in blood and wealth in reparation for their error, and without their courage and their suffering again the issue would have been irretrievably lost.

cost Poland 2.5 million dead. Warsaw was a forerunner of Nazi horror to civilian populations. And the Allies got ready for war in earnest.

Four years after, Poland has a government-in-exile and thousands of emigres fighting under their own and Allied flags, in the air and on land. Her future remains uncertain, until the exigencies of the peace table have been passed. Surely she has earned the respect of all the great powers for the sacrifice of September 1, 1939.

BROADCAST BY FRANCIS XAVIER SWIETLIK**PRESIDENT OF THE POLISH AMERICAN COUNCIL**

Four years ago Hitler marched into Poland. For days representatives of many nations made frantic appeals to the Nazi dictator in the hope of averting the calamity which threatened the world. All these appeals fell on deaf ears. Hitler was determined to resume the struggle for world domination which his predecessors began in 1914 and which they so abruptly brought to an end four years later. Poland was chosen as the first victim of his aggression. It is therefore fitting that we Americans and all United Nations pay tribute on this fourth anniversary of the world conflict to this gallant Ally.

POLAND'S DETERMINATION TO SURVIVE AS A NATION, AND ESPECIALLY HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE COMMON CAUSE OF THE UNITED NATIONS UNDER MOST TRYING CONDITIONS, imposed upon her by a ruthless enemy, WILL CONSTITUTE ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST PAGES OF HER HEROIC PAST.

In spite of a serious disadvantage in numbers and armaments, as compared with the might of the enemy, Poland resolved to resist the unwarranted and unprovoked attack upon her sovereignty. SHE PROCLAIMED TO THE WORLD THAT THE HONOR OF A NATION IS MORE SACRED THAN PEACE AT ANY PRICE. Her people, soldiers and civilians alike, fought heroically in the face of overwhelming odds. After several weeks of spartan-like resistance her armies were overcome by the might of the invader.

AND YET, ALTHOUGH SEEMINGLY CONQUERED, POLAND FIGHTS ON. The terroristic and repressive measures of the Nazi geared to break the spirit of the Polish nation served only to inflame the people to greater resistance. Poland today presents a tragic picture. Her fields are laid barren, her cities are a mass of ruins, her people wantonly and wilfully despoiled of their property and herded off to restricted areas and concentration camps; her food is confiscated by the enemy, her youth and intellectuals are ruthlessly exterminated, her seats of learning, churches and convents are defiled, and her helpless and unoffending university professors are taken from their classrooms and rushed in trucks to concentration camps. This ruthlessness, however, has not broken her spirit. Poland is seething with unrest. Sabotage, anti-Nazi posters, underground publications read by millions of people at the risk of losing their lives, all serve to keep the spirit of resistance alive and will no doubt prove a decisive factor in the defeat of the common foe when the zero hour arrives. **THIS UNDERGROUND ACTIVITY COMPELS THE GERMANS TO GARRISON POLAND WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF TROOPS WHICH TODAY COULD BE USED TO ADVANTAGE BY THE ENEMY ON THE VARIOUS FIGHTING FRONTS.**

THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE POLISH ARMED FORCES TO THE COMMON WAR EFFORT IS NO LESS EFFECTIVE THAN THE STRUGGLE OF THE PEOPLE IN THE OCCUPIED AREAS. After the debacle in France a large contingent of Polish soldiers escaped to Great Britain where they are awaiting the time when in comradeship with their Allies they will return to the continent of Europe to come to grips with the Nazi. An army of about 100,000 soldiers has been organized from among thousands who had been prisoners of war in Russia and today constitute an integral part of the Allied forces in the Near East under the command of General Anders. The Polish army is today the 5th in size among the Allied armies. Polish soldiers are fighting on every front wherever the enemy can be found, ready and willing to offer their lives in the common struggle for freedom.

The exploits of the Polish air forces are a familiar story to all of us. It accounted for approximately 500 certain and 250 probable enemy planes. 62 Polish bombers took part in the raids over Cologne and the Ruhr Valley. This air force was responsible for the destruction of 17% of the German planes shot down over England and the English Channel in the memorable Battle of Britain.

The Polish Navy and Merchant Marine, though small in size, are playing a vital part in exterminating the submarines and in carrying needy war supplies to the fighting forces on the front.

It is strange that present day aggressors do not heed the lessons of history. They may succeed to temporarily erase the geographical boundaries of a smaller nation; they may eject hundreds of thousands of its people from their homes and confiscate their possessions; they may colonize the land and homes stolen from others with their own people, but they cannot crush the determination of a nation to live and to resist until her God-given freedom is again restored to her. **POLAND STANDS TODAY AS A SUPREME PROOF OF THE INDESTRUCTIBLE POWER AND DETERMINATION OF NATIONS TO SURVIVE.**

In the meantime, **POLAND IS ENDURING UNTOLD HARDSHIPS IN THE FIRM HOPE AND BELIEF THAT WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER SHE WILL BE RESTORED TO THE FULLNESS OF HER RIGHTS AS A SOVEREIGN NATION.**

WE MUST BEAR IN MIND THAT WE ARE FIGHTING THIS WAR FOR CERTAIN PRINCIPLES OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE. UNLESS WE ESTABLISH THESE MORAL PRINCIPLES AS A FUNDAMENTAL MOTIVE OF ALL OUR ACTIONS IN FORMULATING THE FUTURE PEACE OF THE WORLD WE CANNOT EXPECT A DURABLE PEACE.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ANNOUNCED TO THE WORLD THAT THIS WAR IS BEING FOUGHT FOR THE PURPOSE OF ESTABLISHING FOUR FUNDAMENTAL FREEDOMS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD—the freedom of worship, freedom of expression, freedom from want and freedom from fear.

THE ARCHITECTS OF THE POST-WAR WORLD MUST GO FURTHER, however, than to merely assure to the individual the enjoyment of the fundamental rights embraced in the four freedoms. They must ASSURE THE STRICT COMPLIANCE BY EVERY NATION OF THE TERMS OF TREATIES SOLEMNLY ENTERED INTO. The occupation of the territory of smaller nations by forcible aggression must be forever outlawed. The policy of appeasement, a compromise with right and justice for the purpose of military or political expediency, must be abandoned. Nations in their relations with each other must scrupulously observe the same principles of right, justice and morality which we expect every individual to observe in his dealings with his neighbors. Unless such a foundation of morality underlies the future conduct of nations towards each other, we cannot expect a permanent peace.

STATEMENTS RECENTLY EMANATING FROM OFFICIAL SOVIET SOURCES THAT AFTER THIS WAR IS OVER THE BALTIC STATES AND THE EASTERN HALF OF POLAND WILL BE FORMALLY ANNEXED TO THE SOVIET UNION, FURNISH SOME JUSTIFICATION FOR FEAR ON THE PART OF THE SMALLER NATIONS OF THE UNITED FRONT THAT THIS MORAL ISSUE MAY BE STRADDLED FOR THE SAKE OF POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY. IT WOULD BE MOST UNFORTUNATE FOR THE FUTURE PEACE OF THE WORLD IF THE RIGHTS OF ANY SMALL NATION WERE TO BE SACRIFICED IN ORDER TO SATISFY THE APPETITE OF A MORE POWERFUL ALLY.

MOST AMERICANS ARE CONVINCED TODAY THAT IN ORDER TO ASSURE A PERMANENT PEACE OUR PARTICIPATION IN WORLD AFFAIRS AFTER THIS WAR IS OVER WILL HAVE TO BE GREATER THAN IT WAS IN THE PAST. The experience of the last two decades must make us realize that our own security as a nation is vitally affected by what happens to other nations of the world. Nothing would be more likely to persuade the American people to return to their traditional pre-war aloofness from all participation in world affairs than would a departure from the principles laid down in the Atlantic Charter, and as further implemented by statements of our President and the State Department. **WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THIS COUNTRY WILL NEVER CONSENT TO BECOME A PARTY TO AN EX-PARTE SETTLEMENT OF THE SOVEREIGN RIGHTS OF ANY ONE OF OUR ALLIES.** It is our traditional policy to protect the rights of the weak and to refuse to recognize the taking of territory by force. As a nation, our Government recognizes the fundamental principle that all men are equal before the law. The humblest of our citizens is protected in the enjoyment of his inalienable rights set forth in the Bill of Rights. **IN OUR RELATIONS WITH OTHER NATIONS WE HAVE ALWAYS REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE THE TAKING OF TERRITORY BY FORCE. THE KELLOGG-BRIAND TREATIES, INITIATED BY THIS GOVERNMENT, MAKE THAT POLICY CLEAR. THAT POLICY WAS CONSTANTLY ADHERED TO BY OUR STATE DEPARTMENT. SECRETARY OF STATE HENRY L. STIMSON REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE THE ILLEGAL OCCUPATION OF MANCHURIA BY JAPAN. OUR PRESENT ABLE SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL HULL REFUSED TO GIVE LIKE RECOGNITION TO THE ANNEXATION OF ETHIOPIA AND ALBANIA BY ITALY, AND IN THE SUMMER OF 1940 MR. SUMNER WELLES, AS ACTING SECRETARY OF STATE, REFUSED TO RECOGNIZE THE OCCUPATION OF THE BALTIC STATES BY RUSSIA.** This policy of refusing to give cognizance to aggression is clearly set forth in the Atlantic Charter, which is subscribed to by the Allies. The Atlantic Charter contains solemn obligations entered into by the United Nations in the solemn moment of war and constitutes in outline the foundation upon which a permanent and just peace can be established.

IN ALL OCCUPIED COUNTRIES STRUGGLING MEN AND WOMEN ARE LOOKING TO THE UNITED STATES WITH HOPE AND ASSURANCE TO LEAD THEM OUT OF CHAOS TO A BRIGHTER DAY. Let us assume that leadership, and true to our historic past, let us carry the blessings of freedom to all parts of the world and establish a peace founded on the recognition of the just rights of every nation, large and small.